

Century. The Sussex Downs & Sea-board. 215plcm34

And now we have seen the worst of Sussex; no-
where else in the county are there such dreary
landscapes as lie within the Southern half of a
circle about ten miles in diameter of which
Chichester is the centre. Turning north, you get
amongst the Downs, where are a dozen walks of
great beauty ~~which may be~~^{to} taken from the city.
You may go through fields & rural lanes, pass
pleasant sunny Sussex villages - where white
or yellow

[illegible]

Almost limitless riding & walking in any direction
from Goodwood. An ancient cappe called the Hurdle
is within easy distance; it is circular with double
vallum & deep fosse, & rises to a noble swelling
height - called Rocks or St. Roche's Hill.
You may take your way back through park & open
so as to see Bot Grove Church. (time of Henry I.)
one of the richest specimens of Early English in
the kingdom. It was served by Benedictine
monks, & was originally a cell attached to
the Abbey of Secoy in Normandy: only fragments
of the conventual building remain, & of the church
itself, the nave is gone, while the rest is now used
as a parish church. An unpleasing Renaissance
Delaware monument, & a Delaware Chapel
which is fitted with armchairs, & curtained,
& glazed into a sort of little boudoir for the
benefit of Goodwood, are ^{some of the} ~~some of the~~ designs
to the interior.

Another charming walk from Chichester is to
Knigley Bottom, a curious cauldron shaped
dip, rugged, weird looking, dotted with
gnarled yews of every great age & size. ~~But~~
~~so~~ then oddly draped with peathery ferns
of Chaveller's joy. New to men of Chichester
fought the Danes, whose 'king' or leaders
fell in numbers; & four large barrows
on the Downs to the north of the valley mark
the places of their burial. & from this fight
of the 'king' this picturesque valley is said to
derive its name.

We are fairly amongst the Downs now, & must say a word about them, ~~about the configuration of the country generally,~~ before proceeding to make W's between the hills & the coast. — a mass of covering the ground with a high will command usely to the reader, ~~to the perfection, first of all,~~ ~~no mistake, and a map will give him all needful details.~~

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From the expanse of chalk which occupies central Hampshire two lateral ridges branch out: the North Downs which extend through Surrey & Kent, & the South Downs which skirt the Sussex coast, gradually drawing towards the sea, till they end in the magnificent promontory of Beachy Head. The valley between these two ridges is not chalk, but ~~consists~~ ^{shows} of ~~pearlies~~ ^{fresh-water} formations: ~~however~~ ^{the} the ~~bealden~~ ^{bealden} clays: the chalk downs flanking this valley on either side present steep escarpments like sea-cliffs, & appearance go to prove that these two fragments of the ancient chalk continent were originally united; that is to say, that a wide stretch of chalk included the North & South Downs & the valley between them. Then, it would appear, that slow processes of which it is not easy to give account - upheaval, depression, violent disruption, ended in the wearing away, or ~~leaving~~ ^{carving out} away of the chalk in such wise as to ~~form~~ ^{carve out} a broad channel, & then the lowered level of the land gave place to an intrusion of the sea, & a forceful current flowed through what we now call the bealden-~~clay~~ ^{channel} as that ~~such~~ ^{ebb} ebbs & flows in the Straits of Dover - able to sweep the channel clean of the debris of the chalk. In the course of slow cycles this depressed channel rose above the sea level & appeared again as dry land, but denuded of its ancient covering of chalk; the chalk, however, rising on either hand as bounding cliffs. Such at least, is, loosely stated, the theory now generally received: the denuded valley is the bealden, & the chalk cliffs on either side are the escarpments of the North & South Downs, which present steep cliff-like faces to the world.

The Downs form a belt of mountain country, some fifty-three miles long by four or five broad, bearing health-giving, full of singular beauty & delight, which stretches like a friendly arm round the landward ^{village} ~~border~~ of the Sussex coast. ^{South} ~~Thompson's~~ ^{more} ~~entirely~~ ^{enjoyable} than these Sussex hills. You climb a long swelling slope by an easy rise; your feet bound over the soft elastic turf - green, close, short, odorous, dry half an hour after the heaviest rain - the most luxurious carpeting spread anywhere in the green earth; you rest upon a 'spring' couch where the wild thyme blows; there you may sit half a summer's day in sweet content, the soft wind flapping in your face, cool & fresh, with a whiff of the sea in it - you may taste the brine on your lips. The light breeze bells behave wildly in the wind. Crooks of the daintiest little butterflies flit about on wings of cerulean blue, tipped & splashed with crimson. Your eyes wander down the long slope you have climbed, where the clean sheep are freely scattered, over holt & shade, & shadowy ~~combs~~ ^{deans}, & rest at last on the wide flat fields of yellow grain, where are the reapers. ~~Small enough in the distance to be taken~~ ^{up in a child's fingers}; & beyond the golden corn, gleams the blue ring of the sea. You rise & reach your hill again, & every step brings you into still keener, sweeter air: now you are on the top, & the free Downs stretch away far as the eye can follow. "A majestic chain of mountains," Gilbert White calls them in one of his charming letters, written from Brighton, a village in the heart of the hills: and here you find yourself in truly mountain country. Yet there is no

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ruggedness, no desolation, no towering crags nor 12
scattered boulders, to impress the imagination;
nothing but flowing outlines before you, soft
green turf under foot: but the hills pass
away, fold behind fold, in the longest, purest
curves, the most enchanting lines of beauty;
& between the folds are lines of delicate green
black or purple shade where you know the
villages nestle in ~~luxuriant~~ verdant: & you
are looking forth upon elouge (weird, lonely), solitary,
into pathless distances across the most glorious
sueeps; & a cool, fresh breeze ^{with} ~~wafts~~ ^{whistles} ~~meeting~~ ^{with}
your garments, & you are ready to leap & dance
about, to do anything wild & gleeful, in this
most exhilarating air. For sounds, you hear
the cry of the curlew, the ~~cheerful~~ ^{glib} ~~whirr~~ ^{whirr} of the
wind, the bleating of distant sheep, & as for the larks,
you never heard such intemperate creatures, all
space is not ^{wide} ~~big~~ enough for the joy of a more
not bigger than a hazel nut against the blue sky.
There is none of the turbulence of falling water,
the hurrying of babbling brooks; the one movement
which enchains the eye is stiller than rest, in
its grand harmony with the sweep of the hills;
it is the almost endless procession of
cloud shadows across their vast sunny slopes.
Then you are puzzled to know where a shadow
falls from, so brightly blue is the sky, & at
last you spy a cloudlet, or an ever Carnie's place
for sight, & that is it which is flying gliding &
ragged neckerchief over the bosom of the hill.
One of the finest walks amongst the Downs
is from Chichester to the celebrated Down villa
of Reignor about twelve miles distant: over the
low, puny hills, through scattered wood, & sheds of
crackers, by the picturesque valley which contains
the

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Ingleton & East Dean - sunniest - loveliest of
Sussex villages - up, & up, the long swell of Shotton
Hill: now you are at the back of the Downs & have
a glorious view over the wooded weald, with
the Downs ranging away from you on either hand
to Chichester, ^{just} on the east, & Duncton Beacon
on the west; both over 800 feet, & amongst the
highest summits of the chalk. And now you
descend upon Bignor, by & by, through deep
lanes, with a scattering of spreading oaks
which show you are in the weald, for the
beech is the characteristic tree of the chalk.
The situation of the villa was perfect - in the very
heart of the green hills with their delicious
holts of beech & ash trees, & in full view of the
Great Stone Norman Stane Street, between Regium
& Londinium.

Traditions of the whereabouts of the 'town' of Bignor
appear always to have lingered about the spot; & in the
beginning of the present century a ploughman
turned up some fragments of pavement which led
to careful search; when, one or two feet below
the surface, were discovered the very complete
remains of a magnificent Norman villa
the building of which has been traced to a length
of 600 feet ~~with~~ ^{over} a breadth of 300 ft.

Carry the reader over the ~~picturesque~~ richly wooded slopes of Kington Hill, nor to the top of Berry Hill whereon is a great barrow, with a view reaching from Brighton to the Isle of Wight, nor to the famous Slindon Beeches which are scattered up & down a valley at the back of Slindon Park.

Making eastward, across ridges & vales, we
 come to a gap in the hills, for the passage of the Arun;
 & a river here is all the more noticeable because
 hitherto we have not come to the smallest stream
 valley in the chalk hills; and one of the half-dozen
 little rivers of Sussex takes its rise in these hills,
 but all, like the Arun, cut their way through
 in making straight for the sea: South the North
 Downs; the Wey, Mole, Darent, & Medway rise in
 the Great Ridge or in the low ground of the Weald
 & find a passage through the chalk hills which
 come in the way of their junction with the Thames;
~~a curious circumstance which points to the~~
~~in an old map this may be because the~~
~~probability that when the~~
 Chalk, the upheaval of the central ^{moor} ~~was~~ gave rise
 to ^{cross} ~~transverse~~ fissures.
 The Arun is made navigable above Arundel &
 is connected with the Wey, so that there is waterway
 between its port of Littlehampton & Guildford in
 Surrey. Our interest of course centres in Arundel
 Castle, a Norman fortalice built on a bold spur
 of the Downs & overlooking the Arun at a point to
 which the tide anciently reached. The Honor of
 Arundel was bestowed by the Conqueror on Roger
 de Montgomery, & after one or two lapses, it
 passed by marriage to the great family of the
 Fitzalans, in the 12th century; & Mary, the sole
 surviving child of Henry Fitzalan, the last earl
 married Thomas Howard, 4th Duke of Norfolk
 whereby the earldom of Arundel passed into the hands
 of the present holders. The early Normans keep which

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rises from the center of the castle enclosure is
by far the most interesting part of what is left
for situation & mass, a very stately ^{castle} indeed
though the most romantic ^{incident} ~~circumstance~~ in
its history is the siege sustained by Alice
of Lorraine on behalf of her step-daughter, the
Empress Matilda; ^{William} Stephen set down before
the castle until the besieged could hold out
no longer, & then, with knightly courtesy, he
allowed Matilda to withdraw to Bristol. A
later ~~siege~~ ^{attack} by Sir William Waller was
more disastrous: the siege lasted for seventeen
days, artillery playing upon the castle from
the tower of the old church, until a mass
of ruin was all that remained of the goodly
gates of Arundel. In the best part of a
century ^{the ruined castle has left a delay} ~~has remained about of the valley remained~~
~~decayed & forsaken~~, & much of the present pile
dates ^{only} ~~from~~ ^{from} back than the end of the last
century; ~~but~~ the thick walls of the keep ~~ascended~~
defied the guns of the round heads; there we
have a monument of the past reaching back
some say, to the days of Alfred, but the truth
seems to be that a Norman fortress was raised
where a Saxon stronghold had occupied the ground
before. The park is undulating, richly wooded,
charming, but without the breadth & depth
which belong to Goodwood. Nothing can be
more romantic than the site of the castle, at the
head of the steep street - which is the town of
Arundel - overlooking the low plain & the sea
beyond: a soft blue mist is apt to fill
the valley, & warm up the heights, & around the
town, save for towers & gables emerging here &
there, & hanging as a drapery around the
open spaces of the castle: & if this happens before
me

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The town has set, the white onyx flows luminous
fable & turret show out glorified as from some
dim rich city of the past; & the painter who ventures
to catch the fleeting lights & wonderful effect
of this sunset sea-board had better call his
picture ^{more romantic, more airy} ~~Byzantine~~ ^{from poetry & romance}
for the critics will ^{not} believe he has seen these
things under the 'leadens chie' of England. The old
church is full of interest, especially the tithe-tan
Chapel with its fine monuments: a curious
case sent against this Chapel will be remembered,
the question being whether the right of possession
lay with the 'Church' or with the Howard family -
in whose favour the case was decided, & the
Chapel is now walled off from the rest of the building.

The new, white, elaborately finished Church of St.
Philip & Neri, built by the present Duke, is out of
harmony with castle & church & most of all
town & rather spoils the pictorial effect of the whole.
Pleasant elm-bordered lanes bring you to Little-
hampton, which is a packet station for Havre, &
a fishing town, a pleasant bathing place with
a wide commons - where sea-pinks grow & children
swarm - fronting the sea. Dogmers, further
west, is such another bathing place, but without
the picturesqueness which always belongs to the
little port.

Notice the order of things here, - a little port at the
mouth of a river backed by a Roman keep: this
is repeated in Chichester, backed by Bokerley
Castle, Newhaven, backed by the castle of Hawes; ^{Ramsey}
& Hastings again have their protecting fortress,
& Chichester had once its castle, backing the
port of Bosham. Now the territorial division of
Sussex is peculiar to itself: no other county has
any